

Good Morning 408

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Don't read this with Jammy Fingers

(Warns Web. Fawcett)

FINGERPRINTS, the world's most foolproof and convenient system of human identification, stood or fell by the prints of three girl babies not long ago—you may have seen their photo in "Good Morning."

The three were uniovular triplets, formed by the splitting of a single cell. As such, they ought to have been more alike than quads, or even quins.

Identical down to fingerprints? The experts apprehensively wondered. Prints were taken. Two sets were similar; nevertheless all three showed distinct differences.

Professor Crowther, of London University, similarly recently discovered almost identical prints in a pair of twins—but microscope examination eventually revealed no less than eleven differences.

So what price fingerprints?

They have been forged and faked before now. In an astonishing case in America, a medium duplicated the prints of a dead man at her seances. After the lights went up the prints could be clearly seen on the graphite dust of the table. From an impression of the original prints, taken in life, an ingenious rubber stamp had been made.

Its prints, however, could not stand up to chemical analysis. J. L. Macfaddin, of the New York Police Department, discovered an intricate system by which a person's fingerprint could be placed on a surface he had never touched. The process involves a "mirror print" and a "reversal," but the resulting "print" is so smudged that it could never be used in a court of law.

Since the Henry system was adopted at Scotland Yard forty years ago, 57,000 identifications have been made without error.

Crooks know the danger of prints so well that Dillinger, the kingpin gangster, obliterated the characteristics of his fingers with acid. When the G-men ultimately got him, it was found that the skin of his burned fingers had grown again—and the "dabs" were found to be identical with his original prints.

Another crook, when his

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

BOXERS' managers, the men who take a chunk for themselves out of every purse, have been variously described as leeches, bloodsuckers, crooks and cut-throats, but never, to my recollection, as guardian angels.

Yet, while it is generally true that many villains have found a fairly safe way of gathering easy money by adopting this calling, it is only right that the few good managers thrown up by the game should be given their due recognition and placed in a class by themselves.

WHEN you come to think of it, you realise that this select band is very small indeed. I find myself hard put to it to name a round half-dozen, and then I have to introduce various qualifying clauses in order to bolster up the claim that as many as six could be named.

If we take the line that nothing is perfect in this imperfect world, it does not necessarily follow that it is foolish to strive for perfection.

I must be careful, or this may be confused with "Beneath the Surface," or the sermon on the soap-box, and that would never do. To clear the air at the outset, I must say that in recent years the boxing racket has been regarded as something of a crooks' paradise, and, bearing this in mind, you will gather that there has been some excuse for the boxer who reasons that as the game is such that only a clever crook can succeed, he would be squeezed right out if he did not employ a slick manager.

There is some truth in this, but it does seem absurd to hold the belief that a man cannot be as clever as the slickest of his rivals unless he, too, is a crook.

I am sure it is true to say that Francois Descamps, the man who made Carpentier into the world-famous figure he became, was the most skilful manager the ring has ever known.

GREATEST OF ALL.

Descamps was slickness itself, his wits never failed him in a tight corner, and in the fixing of terms, no manager or promoter was ever known to get the better of him; and withal Descamps was as honest as daylight.

It is impossible to put too

fingerprints were taken, contrived to get them printed in the wrong order, impressing the third finger where the second should have been—but the breakdown didn't last long.

The famous Bertillon system of measurement by calipers has broken down again and again. An Englishman, Sir Edward Henry, devised a better system of classification when he was Inspector-General of Police in India.

He divided and sub-divided prints into 1,024 types, with certain sub-groups. The outcome, however, is that the police do not possess prints of a criminal until after he has taken to crime.

A burglar once boasted that the Yard didn't have his prints (because they had never been taken), but he turned out to be wrong. Starting with one print obtained from a wineglass in the burgled house, the police had followed his activities around the country until they had a complete set of prints.

Suppose, however, that his first and only crime was murder. The police might find a print, but they could never discover the murderer until he came into their hands by some other means.

Experts are arguing in favour of a national fingerprint registry. Children will be printed at school-leaving age and adults will be required to submit to

much emphasis on this. Did he rob his man, by taking the lion's share of the purse-money? You needn't ask the question. During all the years this famous pair had been together there was never a contract between them—not a scrap of paper.

There was merely the bond of mutual friendship. Descamps was also a clever business man, and he invested his money in various concerns, which paid good dividends.

He died a rich man, and after making provision for his children, he left the bulk of his fortune to Carpentier, who had already taken a goodly share of the fighting partnership money.

If the amounts could be worked out, I should not be at all surprised if, in the money left to Carpentier, the whole of the managerial percentages deducted from all the purse-money had been returned with interest.

If for no other reason, this fact alone is sufficient to earn Descamps the posthumous title of the world's greatest boxing manager, as indeed he was on all other counts.

What a contrast to the so-called managers who tie their boxers to contracts for the best years of their lives! Beware of the manager who wants to sign a youngster for so many years, to batten on his ring earnings and cheat him in a hundred different ways.

The extraordinary thing is that of the six honest serving men I have in mind, not one of them had a written contract with his boxers, and there was never any suggestion on the part of the boxers concerned to part company because they were quite free to do so whenever they wished.

The mere fact that a writ-

this method of identification in the same way as they are required to submit to war-time identity cards, marriage certificates, and other methods of tapping.

No innocent person could come to grief through fingerprints. On the other hand, a national print system might serve to protect the innocent and fix swift blame on the wrongdoer.

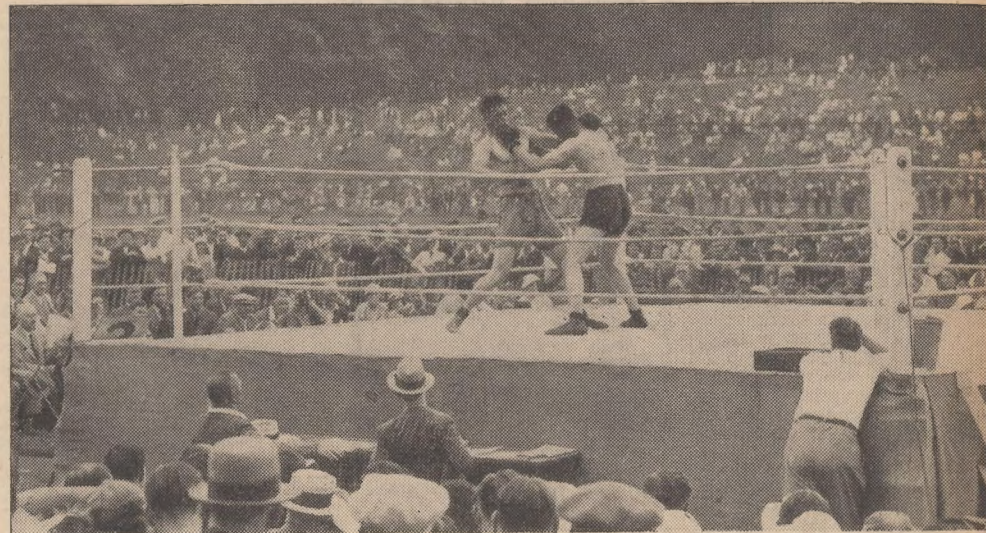
As the law stands, criminals can serve prison sentences in the First and Second Division, and are exempt from fingerprinting unless they have been previously convicted!

You have now left your own fingerprints on this page (especially if you've ignored the headline!), and each print is different. Some few people may have a single print in common, but none are known to share the same set. Fingerprints have never yet been found on human skin, but they have been discovered and "developed" on fingernails and toenails.

A new Yard system of prismatic mirror photography also brings up prints on such unlikely surfaces as cloth and leather—and the inside of gloves. And prints on a polished surface can remain for as long as ten years if the surface is untouched in the meantime. So watch your fingers and your jam!

"Oh, Sure," says W. H. Millier, "Why not?"

THERE ARE SOME HONEST MANAGERS



ten contract is not asked for is in itself almost a guarantee of honest intentions.

Jimmy Wilde never had a contract with his old manager, Teddy Lewis. This famous couple made almost as notable a combination as the Descamps-Carpentier partnership. Lewis was well liked by promoters because they could always depend upon him to keep his word, and in his case they generally dispensed with contracts.

Where Descamps scored over all the others was that, in addition to being highly skilful and successful at the business end, he was a splendid trainer and a clever second. Carpentier would have lost many more contests than he did if he had not had the assistance of Descamps in his corner.

It was so rare to find all these qualities in one man that Descamps must remain the outstanding manager of the century.

Few managers, even though they may be very good in making the right kind of matches for their men, are of any real use in their man's corner during the contest. The art of seconding a boxer demands a working knowledge that can only be gained by fairly long experience.

The best seconds are usually those who have grown old in the game, and quite frequently by their efforts and advice they can make all the difference between defeat and victory for their man. To be a good second calls for more than the mere ability to flap a towel and wield a wet sponge.

A quick eye to note small details that escape the attention of the man who is boxing, and to report it all in a phrase whilst attending to him during that short minute's interval, may mean the turning point in the contest.

A good second knows when it is best to let the boxer fight in his own way, just as he knows when it is necessary to advise a change of tactics.

It is usually a bad thing for a boxer to have a close relative in his corner acting as a second (though there have been exceptional cases where this has not been detrimental), the reason being that over-anxiety is bound to be communicated to the boxer, and, if he is in a bad way, it serves to sap his confidence.

FAMILY CORNER.

Bombardier Wells used to have his manager, his brother and his father-in-law acting as seconds in his corner. Each

of these in turn would be liable to become over-anxious and shout ill-advised warnings at the very moment when it was most essential for the boxer to keep his head clear.

The merest tremor in the voice was enough to cause that split-second hesitancy which was fatal to the chance of success.

At last Wells was prevailed upon to have old Bill Natty in his corner in complete charge. There was very little that this old warrior did not know about seconding. He was never known to get flurried, and no matter how excited all the others may have become, old Bill used the same soothing tones in his quiet voice when giving just the right kind of advice in rarely more than half-a-dozen words. He was very rightly described as the prince of seconds.

Bill Natty was the complete contrast to Francois Descamps, but each in his way served his man as few others could have done. Descamps would at times act the complete Frenchman.

By this I mean he would talk volubly, waving his arms and gesticulating to all and sundry, meanwhile dancing like a sparrow on a hotplate, but only when it suited his purpose.

This was sheer acting. His brain was as cool as the next man's, and when anything serious was afoot he was as inscrutable as a Chinese idol.

Descamps never missed the smallest chance of scoring over his rivals, and by his quick-wittedness he several times managed to pull his boxer out of a tight corner.

On one notable occasion he caught the referee off his balance and bamboozled him into giving Carpentier the victory when that Frenchman was palpably beaten.

GRABBING VICTORY.

It was in the contest with Gunboat Smith, when the American showed that his punch was too heavy for Carpentier. The end was in sight in the sixth round when Carpentier was knocked on to his buttocks.

As he went down, Smith was unable to check his onslaught, and his right glove brushed the Frenchman's hair.

On the instant Descamps shot into the ring as if catapulted there. He grabbed his man, and as he rushed to the corner he shouted "Foul!" and did his dancing act.

Amidst all the excitement and the shouting of the crowd, the referee temporarily lost his head and "fell

for it," much to the delight of Descamps.

Had the referee kept cool (not an easy matter in the circumstances, let it be said) he would have seen that Carpentier should have been disqualified by reason of his second entering the ring whilst the round was in progress.

Gunboat Smith was deserving of every sympathy. He was winning the fight at the time, and must have won decisively but for Descamps and his quick-thinking act; and all that fell to his lot was disqualification.

Yet another instance of this Frenchman's cunning was in the way he played havoc with the frayed nerves of Bombardier Billy Wells to such effect that the Englishman was beaten before the fight started. This was the occasion of the return meeting between the pair at the National Sporting Club.

The boxers were given bedrooms for their dressing-rooms and these were reached from a large landing known as Old London, because the walls were decorated by old canvases which had at one time served as stage scenery depicting London scenes of a bygone age. It had been used many times for private trials between boxers, and many a fine scrap, gone unrecorded, have I seen there.

The scene I have in mind at the moment was a peaceful one, but the act had been carefully devised, and there was deadly intent behind it all.

There was a huge—much larger than life-size—presentation of Falstaff on one of those ancient pieces of scenery. As he held his tankard of foaming ale, Falstaff had all the appearance of gazing appreciatively on the figures of Descamps, Carpentier and a couple of sparring-partners joyfully playing pitch-and-toss with ha'pennies.

They had made certain of getting there early in order that Billy Wells would have to pass that way to his dressing-room. To be sure, these merry lads were playing outside the door of the very room that had been allotted to Wells.

When he came along he saw just what Descamps had intended, and that was sufficient to unnerve the Bombardier.

That so-called fight is certainly not pleasant to recall. Wells was reduced to rage by the time his gloves had been tied, and he actually called for a glass of water before the first bell rang. Descamps and Carpentier observed it all; and in less time than it takes to tell Wells was counted out.

To-day's Brains Trust

A ROYAL Academician, a Modern Poet, a Professor of Art, and a Philosopher, tackle the question:—

The subject-matter of many works of art is trivial, and poetry is often merely beautiful nonsense. Is the subject-matter of a work of art or a poem of any real importance, or is it only the execution that matters?

Academician: "I think the subject of a work of art is of importance, but only within limits. I mean that, given any more or less suitable subject, an artist ought to be able to see sufficient beauty in it to make a picture worth painting. "It is not easy to say what is to be considered a 'suitable' subject, but some subjects are quite definitely unsuitable for a good work of art. For instance, I cannot imagine a satisfactory picture being made of a heap of soot or a single building brick. Your subject has got to be worth painting, and it is the artist's job to make it into something beautiful by his powers of execution."

Poet: "I disagree entirely. If the word 'art' may be allowed to include poetry, I say that absolutely any subject, real or imaginary, trivial or profound, is fit matter for a work of art."

"In my opinion, an artist's job is to convey something of the miracle of existence, and anything that exists—even a thought—should provide him with good raw material."

"Beauty has no special claim to the artist's attention. Many great works of art portray

ugly, cruel or terrible things."

Professor: "The subject under discussion is, of course, as old as art itself. I think everybody will agree that an artist tries always to express something."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Priority, huh? He said only one egg to each customer!"

In his own particular medium, he tries to say something, and it is difficult to see any reason for allowing him to say what he likes without criticism. Before a man speaks, he should take care that he has something worth saying, and make sure that he is not about to utter something stupid or foolish.

"If he is an artist, it is then

up to him to say it as beautifully, or as forcibly, as he can. But first let him have something worth saying—a noble, worth-while subject."

Philosopher: "But that means that all art is really a sort of propaganda, and I am not sure it is. I have at home a rather valuable, and quite beautiful, teapot. It has a geometrical pattern, in five colours, and is of exquisite shape. It is, in my opinion, a good work of art, but it is hard to see any propaganda in it. It does not even recommend a particular brand of tea."

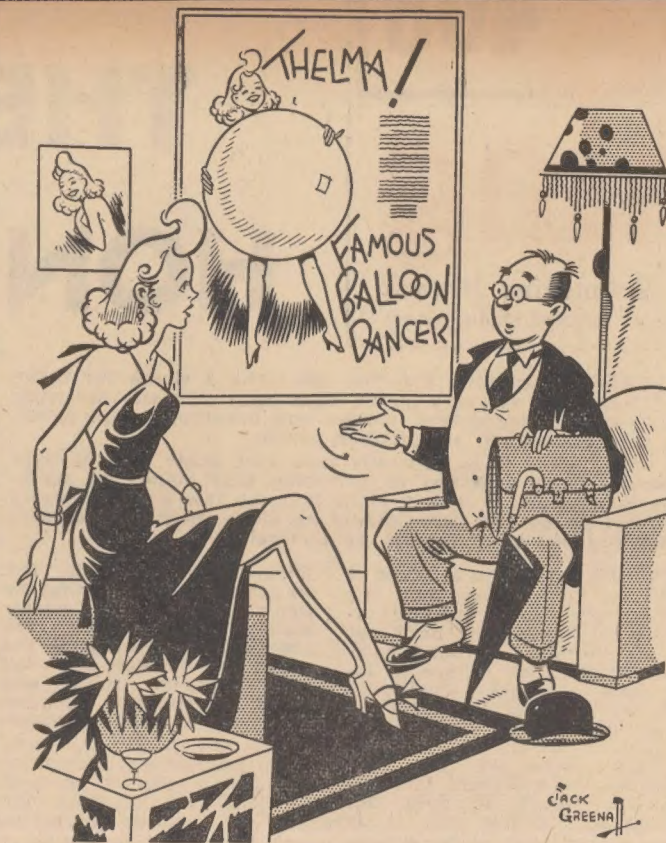
Academician: "In a case of pure decoration, like that, I think one is entitled to judge the worth of the design by its suitability to the object it decorates."

"If it seems pre-eminently in place on a teapot, it is a good design. If it would look just as well on a lamp-shade or round a dressing-gown, it is nondescript, mediocre art, no matter how skilfully it happens to be done. Thus, once again, it is the subject that matters. Apart from the subject, art may only be skilful or clever; it can never be great."

Philosopher: "But what do you call the 'subject'?"

"It seems to me that if a painter paints a sunset in order to convey the sense of beauty he experiences in looking at it, the subject is not really the sunset at all, but the sense of beauty."

"Now, you have all been talking as though the object were the subject. No wonder some of you think it matters, and others do not."



"ON WHAT GROUNDS DO YOU WISH TO CLAIM RUBBER PRIORITY, MISS THELMA — 911"

WANGLING WORDS—347

1. Give the GRASPER a store and make him an insect.
2. In the following song-title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? A sore kill thingy.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change CAME into WENT and then back again into CAME, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: Accra is in Africa, but you mustn't insult a native there.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 346

1. PriceD.
2. Beer, beer, glorious beer.
3. FOG, dog, dug, diun, SUN, son, con, cog, FOG.
4. Can-a-da, T-as-mania.

Do not vow—our love is frail as is our life, and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall outlive this day?
George Etherege (1635-1691).

How's Your Grammer?

By John Hart

HOW'S your grammer? Did you spot that spelling mistake—or did you? And what's the difference between grammar, grame, gran'ma and graminea? It's just as well to know—gramineae is a botanical word for the order of grasses—though not even experts could probably give all the answers.

A recent analysis of 79,390 words used in 1,900 telephone conversations, too, has shown that the distinction is fading between the auxiliary verbs shall and will. Do you know the difference? Even Dickens slipped up. It takes an authoritative book like "The Kings' English" ten pages to give a full explanation. If you remember the phrases, "I will go!" and "I shall go provided..." you won't go wrong so often.

Dickens slipped up, too, when he penned the title, "Our Mutual Friend." Two or more persons can be mutual friends, but they can't have one mutual friend, or so grammarians argue.

And what's the difference between complacent and complaisant? Complacent means contented, satisfied; and complaisant means over-polite, servile, flattering. But thousands of people mix them up!

Or try again with deprecate and depreciate. The first means "to pray against"; the second "to under-value." And how often do you err in saying that you will eke out your rations? To "eke out" really means to increase, supplement, or add to.

Jehosophat! Did you notice that preposition "to" at the end of my sentence? A pre-

position at the end of a sentence is commonly believed to be a grammatical failing. In actual fact, authoritative grammarians uphold the practise as an important element in the flexibility of the English language.

Now, just to try out your own grammar; how many errors did you notice in that emphasised sentence? First, it is redundant (unnecessary) to speak of a fact as actual. Second, the word "practise" is used as a noun and should therefore be spelt "practice." The word "practice" is properly used as a verb.

And, by the way, did your eagle eyes notice the spelling of "spelt"? Perhaps you think it should be "spelled"? Top marks either way.

A count through the quotations of the Oxford English Dictionary shows "spelt" used four times for "spelled" every four times. On the other hand, "burned" is given only seven times for every sixteen repetitions of "burnt." You will be still wider of the mark if you use "learnt" for "learned." "Learnt" appears in none of the quotations.

So how's your headache? And how often do you misplace that hard-driven word "only"?

Try out:
He only beat three.
He beat only three.
He beat three only.

A word in the wrong place can give a totally different meaning than the one intended. Take the sentence, "The lib-

rary over the porch of the church, which is large and handsome, contains one thousand printed books." Is it a large and handsome library, or porch, or church?

The word "which" is a common trap. In the above sentence, to avoid confusion, one should write, "The large and handsome library over the porch of the church," etc., etc. Many people say "and which" when they merely mean "which." See it for yourself in the error of the phrase, "I gave him a book for a present, and which cost me five shillings."

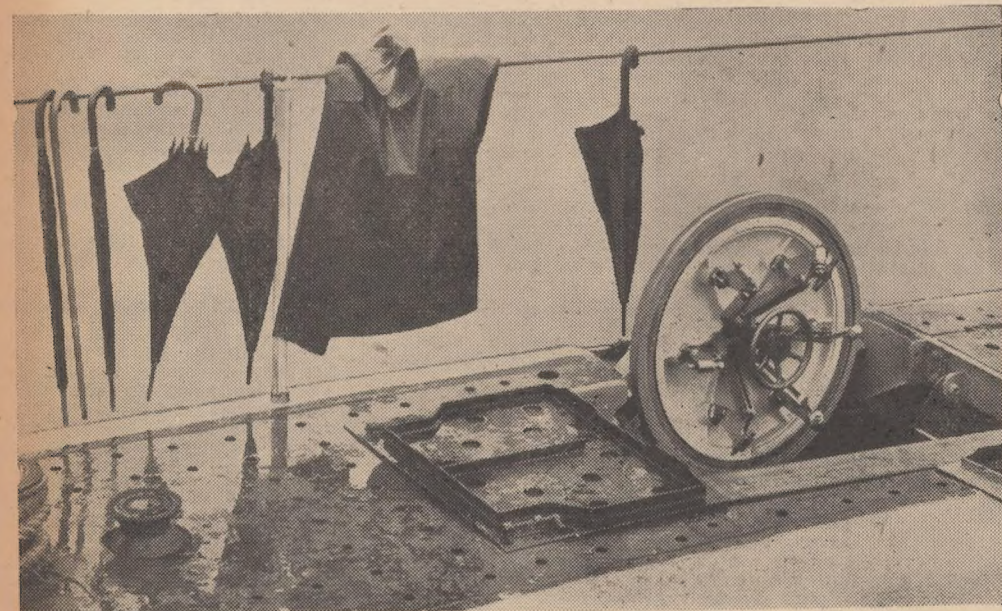
How often do you say, "It's almost unique"? A thing is unique or not unique; there are no degrees of uniqueness. And have you ever misused the word "aggravate"? It does not mean to annoy or enrage a person, but to make worse a condition or trouble. Dickens tripped up when he wrote:

"Well, I'm sure I'm very much obliged," said the unfortunate youth, greatly aggravated.

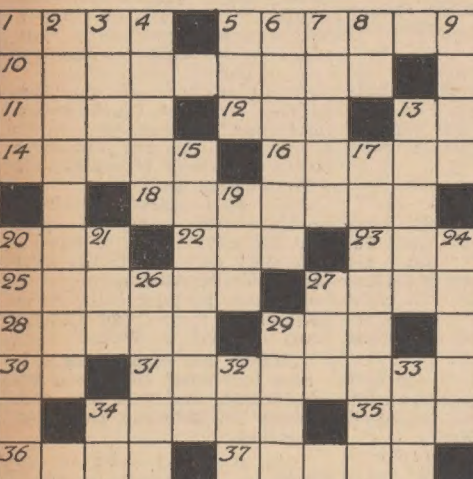
He should have written aggrieved. And the excited war reporter who wrote about D-Day as "a holocaust of noise" has by now probably discovered the true meaning of holocaust.

Grammar isn't fixed and rigid. It's fluid and constantly changed by usage. It used to be considered wrong, for instance, to start a sentence with "And," but grammarians now approve the usage.

Write as clearly and briefly as you can with the simplest words you can find, and you'll write well.



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Scandinavian.
- 5 Dispensed with.
- 10 Light up.
- 11 Flat boat.
- 12 For.
- 13 Scholar.
- 14 Waxed wick.
- 16 Blank book.
- 18 Time waster.
- 20 Overturn.
- 22 Part of shoe.
- 23 Young person.
- 25 Dried fruit.
- 27 Outdoor game.
- 28 English.
- 29 Trap.
- 30 Printer's copy.
- 31 Complicate.
- 34 Broom.
- 35 Attention.
- 36 Bee-hive.
- 37 Weak and lanky.

W RABBITS H
ABATE MOOSE
DEPOT PULED
ELIMINATING
ROD DOR DIE
V VESTA O
MEMO Y BARD
ADULT VERSE
V REUNITE A
IRK BEE NIL
STYLE DRAFT

CLUES DOWN.

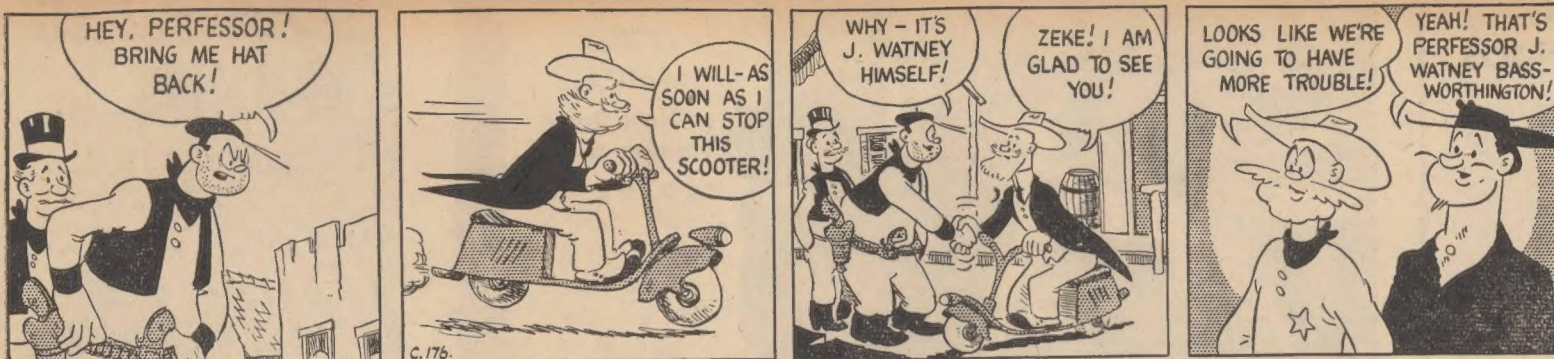
- 1 Lean over.
- 2 Rustics.
- 3 Uphold.
- 4 Handled clumsily.
- 5 Drink.
- 6 Display.
- 7 Coral reef.
- 8 Concerning.
- 9 Weight.
- 13 On a wall.
- 15 Food allowances.
- 17 Pertained.
- 19 Came first.
- 20 Trudges.
- 21 Farm animal.
- 24 Kent town.
- 26 Nap.
- 27 Fastening.
- 29 Cricket.
- 32 Drag along.
- 33 Ballad.
- 34 Remain.

Yes, we admit it's pre-war, and you chaps know it. Point is, is there an umbrella-man aboard... is someone hanging out the washing, or is it a signal reading "Gentlemen visitors, handle with care"?

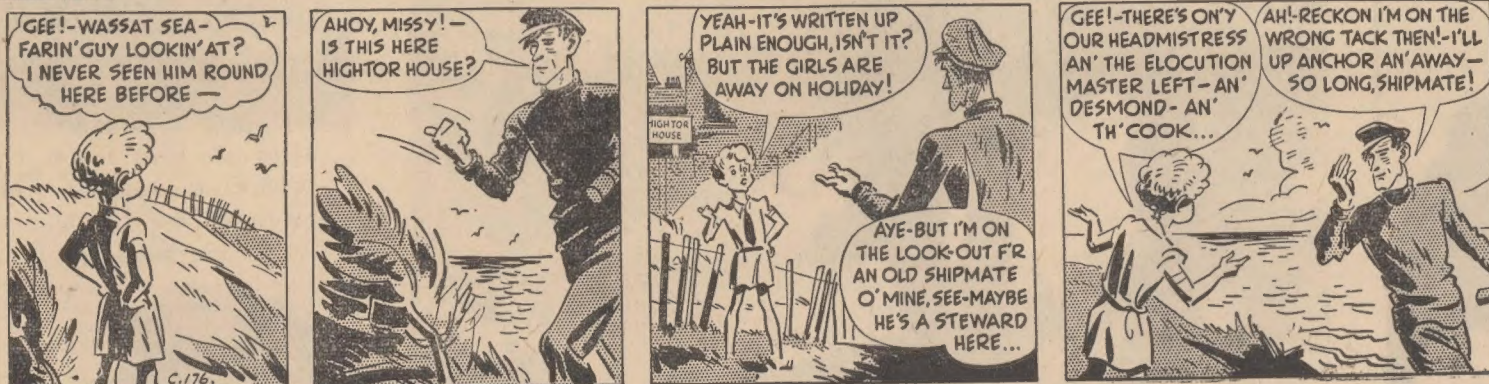
JANE



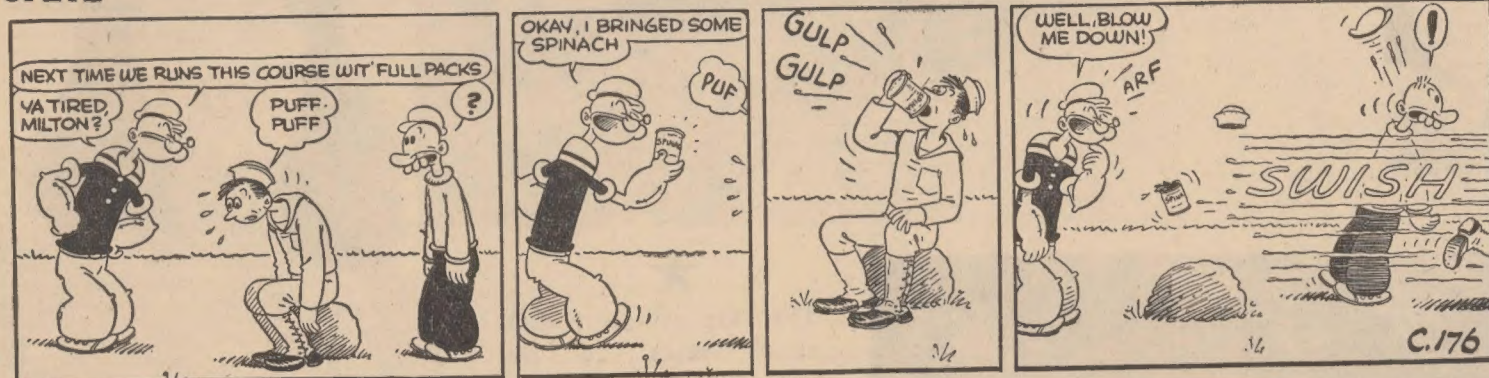
BEELZEBUB JONES



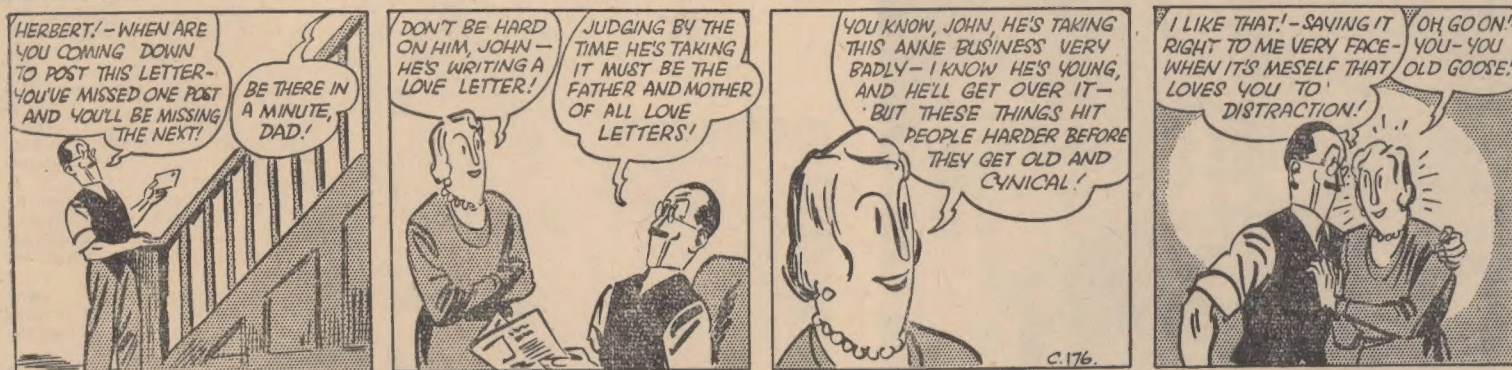
BELINDA



POPEYE



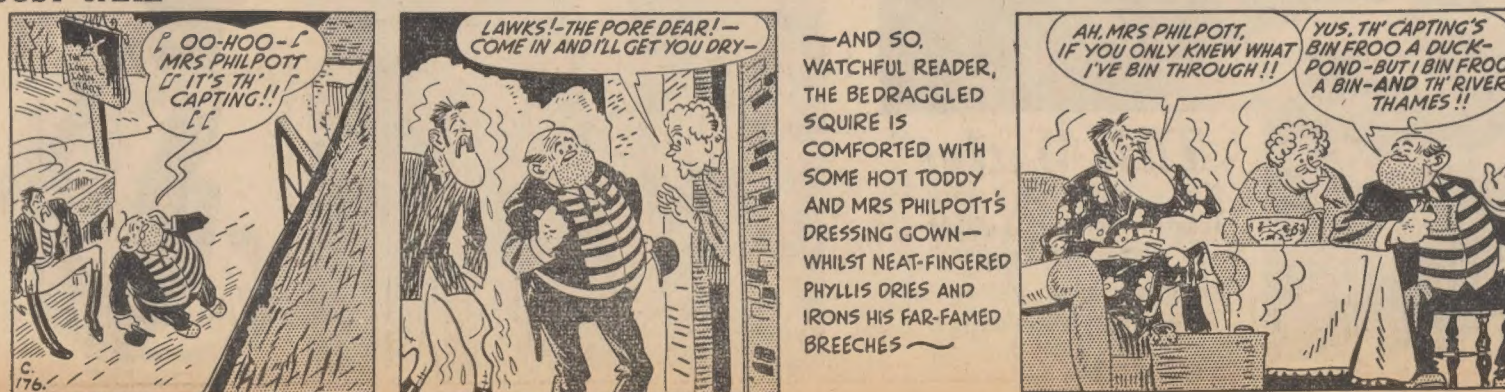
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

"I WILL BE YOUR LEADER."

WHILST there is little danger of ex-Servicemen being forgotten after this war, as they have been after former ones—for the feeling of the whole country is that justice must be done to those who have borne the brunt of the fighting—there is a danger of apathy on the part of ex-Servicemen themselves.

They will be so glad to be home again that they may be tempted to let things slide.

Above all, they will need a leader. Therefore, at great personal inconvenience, I have resolved to take up the cudgels on their behalf.

In the words of Richard II, "I will be your leader." Obviously, I must have support from you all, but the amount is so small that I do not anticipate any difficulty about that.

The plan is, briefly, that there shall be branches of my new association in every town and village. Headquarters in London (consisting of me and the ordinary delegates) will decide what we are to aim at—bigger pensions, larger allowances, cheaper tickets for everything, more and better entertainments, reduced prices for beer, holidays at a nominal rate, and so on and so forth.

As there is likely to be very general support for all this, we need not bother further at the moment about our programme.

We shall now proceed to study the ways and means by which we can, as it were, not only set the ball in motion, but keep it rolling, so to speak, for an indefinite period—at least, until the next big war.

Whilst, through the not unexpected lack of co-operation on the part of the authorities, I have not been able to ascertain the exact numbers of those in the Armed Services, I am going to assume that the total is round about eight millions.

Now, each individual member will contribute twopence a week. I can almost hear you laugh at the modest amount, but it will give us no less than £3,466,666 13s. 4d.

You will note, with your passion for accuracy, that I have not, in this figure, taken into account the few odd days in the year that come after the complete 52 weeks, so that we shall not be far out if we put our total income at some 3½ millions.

We ought to be able to do something with that, didn't we? The great beauty of it all is that you will not miss twopence a week; and I, or rather your great organisation, will be able to achieve mighty things with it.

It is just because I regard the Submarine Service as possessing the cream of the nation's intelligence, enterprise, dash, courage, endurance, and what not, that I am placing this gigantic scheme—the greatest amongst the many I have evolved—first before you submariners.

I know I can rely on you to do missionary work amongst your less-gifted comrades in other branches of the national armed effort. You will at once grasp that this scheme will, for the first time, put many of us beyond the range of financial trouble for the rest of our lives.

Actually, I have discussed the matter in the broadest outline with members of the crews of the "Unhealthy," "Unholy," and "Untidy," when they were last ashore. We met in our temporary headquarters at the "Bloated Bull," and it was the unanimous opinion that I should act as General Secretary and Treasurer pro tem., until I could be confirmed in those positions by a national meeting of carefully selected delegates, all of whose expenses would, naturally, be paid on a not ungenerous scale.

So far, so good. We have agreed to leave the programme for the time being, but have found out, roughly, what our income will be. The next thing to do is to decide our method of procedure.

Here I am in no doubt of the general insistence that we must work on constitutional lines. That means, of course, Parliamentary action.

We must be represented in the House of Commons; as far as the House of Lords is concerned, since it is well known that there is not half so much money there as there used to be, it should be dead easy for us to get a majority.

There are 615 Members in the House of Commons, and 400 of those would give us absolute control. All of them, except those holding office, get £600 a year. I propose that we should add another £600, bringing them up to £1,200 (which is more than they are worth), but it will be necessary for a start.

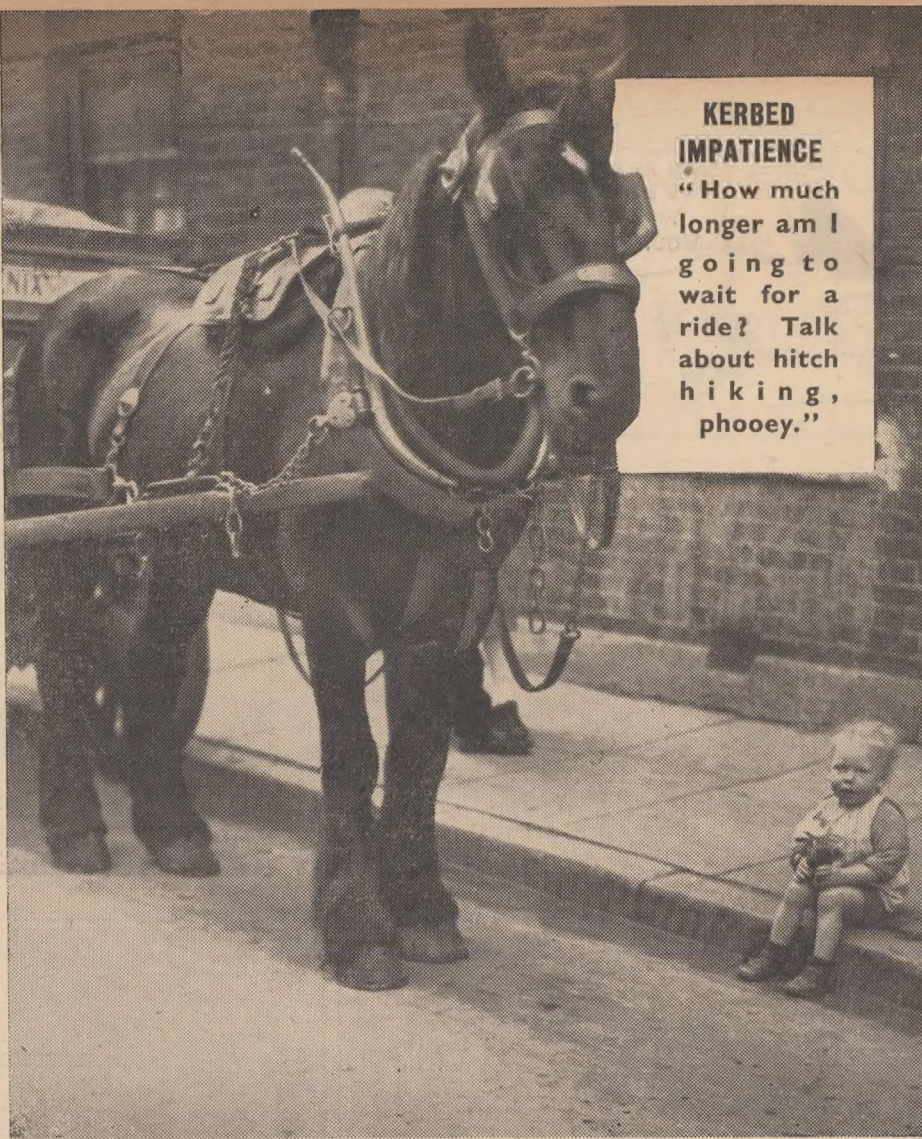
As the House of Lords don't get paid, we ought to be able to get the numbers we want there at about three hundred and fifty a year apiece.

Then we shall get the House of Commons to abolish in perpetuity the annual payment of £600 a year they voted for themselves some years ago, and we shall guarantee to pay them the whole £1,200 out of our, or rather out of your, pockets.

That will kill the opposition, who will have no incomes; and our nominees will depend on us entirely for their remuneration. If that does not put them in our pockets, I don't know what will.

Good Morning

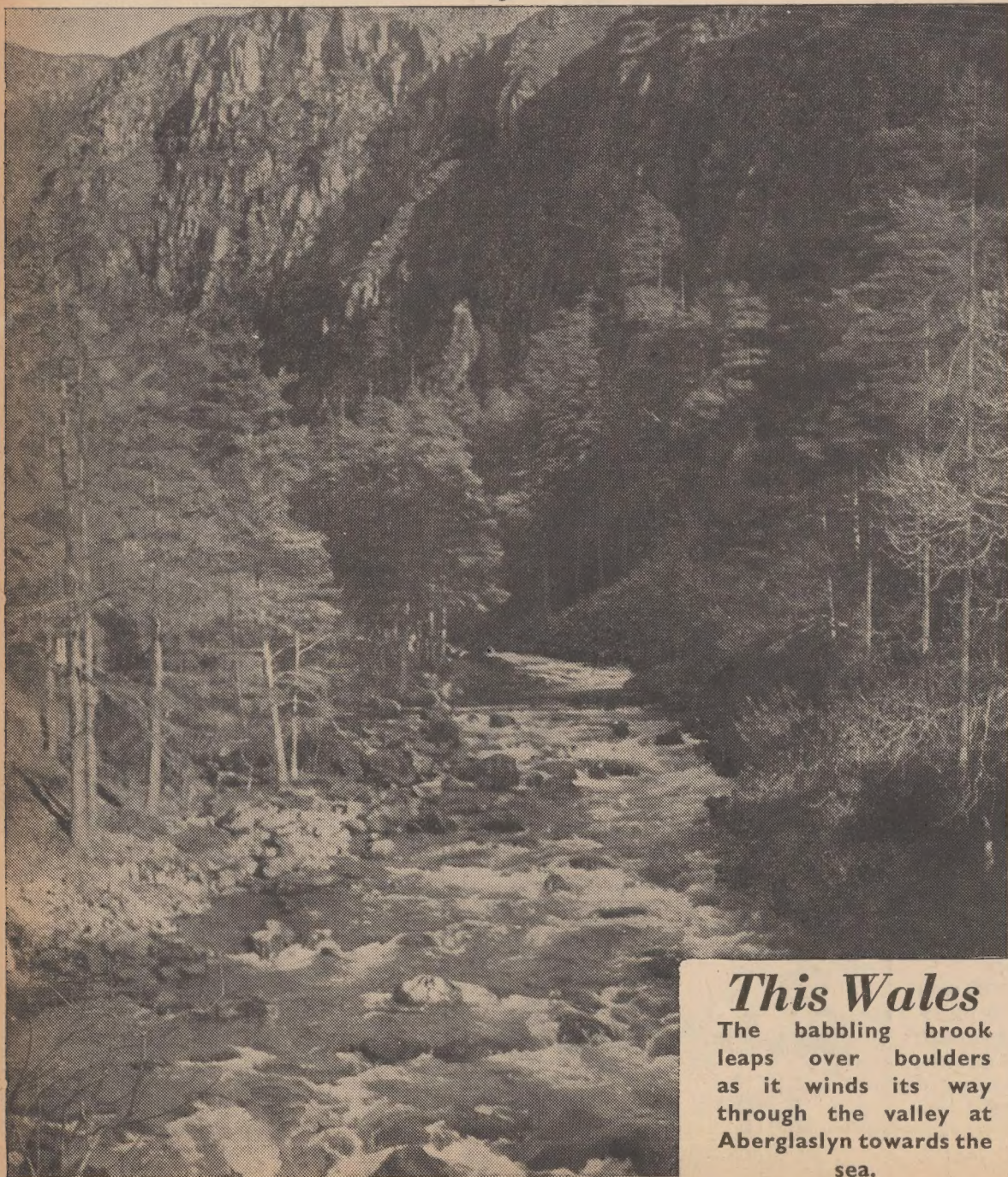
★ THE LAMBETH
WALK
COMMANDOS ★



**KERBED
IMPATIENCE**
"How much longer am I going to wait for a ride? Talk about hitch hiking, phooey."



Did you ever see such a balanced design? No wonder he must hold his head up.



This Wales

The babbling brook leaps over boulders as it winds its way through the valley at Aberglaslyn towards the sea.

★ The last of our R.K.O. super stars to be, Rita Corday. ★



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Will ye no' come back agen?"